

The second part of

Which once in him abated, al the rest
 Turnd on themselues, like dull and heauy lead.
 And as the thing thats heauy in it selfe,
 Vpon enforcement flies with greatest speed:
 So did our men, heauy in Hot-spurs losse,
 Lend to this weight such lightnesse with their feare,
 That arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
 Than did our souldiers aiming at their safetie,
 Fly from the field: then was that noble Worcester,
 So soone tane prisoner, and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas whose well labouring sword,
 Had three times slaine th' appearance of the King,
 Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turnd their backs, and in his flight,
 Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the summe of all
 Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath sent out,
 A speedy power to incounter you my lord,
 Vnder the conduct of yong Lancaster,
 And Westmerland: this is the news at ful.
Earle For this I shal haue time enough to mourne,
 In poison there is phisicke, and these newes,
 Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me sicke:
 Being sicke, haue (in some measure) made me wel:
 And as the wretch whose feuer-weakned ioyns,
 Like strengthlesse hinges buckle vnder life,
 Impacient of his fit, breakes like a fire
 Out of his keepers armes; euen so my limbes,
 Weakened with griefe. being now enragde with griefe,
 Are thrice themselues: hence therfore thou nice crutch,
 A scaly gauntlet now with ioyns of Steele
 Must gloue this hand, and hence thou sickly coife,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flesht with conquest, ayme to hit:
 Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
 The raggedst houre that Time and Spight dare bring,
 To frowne vpon th' inragde Northumberland,

Let

Henry the fourth.

Let heauen kisse earth, now let not Natures hand
 Keepe the wild flood confind, let Order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingring act:
 But let one spirite of the first borne Cain
 Raigne in all bosomes, that ech heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude sceane may end,
 And darknesse be the burier of the dead.

Wm. This strained passion doth you wrong my lord.

Bard. Sweet earle, diuorce not wisdom from your honor,

Mour. The liues of all your louing complices,
 Leau on you health, the which if you giue ore,
 To stormy passion must perforce decay.

Bard. We all that are ingaged to this losse,
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
 That if we wrought out life, twas ten to one,
 And yet we venturd for the gaine proposde,
 Choakt the respect of likely perill fear'd,
 And since we are orefet, venture againe:
 Come, we will al put forth body and goods.

Mour. Tis more then time, and my most noble lord,
 I heare for certaine, and dare speake the truth.

North. I knew of this before, but to speake truth,
 This present griefe had wipte it from my mind,
 Go in with me and counsell euery man,
 The aptest way for safety and reuenge,
 Get postes and letters, and make friends with speed,
 Neuer so few, and neuer yet more need.

exunt.

*Enter sir Io'n alone, with his page bearing his sword
 and buckler.*

John Sirra, you giant, what saies the doctor to my water?

Page He said sir, the water it self was a good healthy water,
 but for the party that owed it, he might haue moe diseases then
 he knew for.

B

John